enquired after all the Royal Family and exchanged the usual compliments. Then I remarked hopefully: "Aliábád is quite near now, only four miles isn't it?" "Oh yes, only four miles." I noticed David quietly smiling. We rode about ten yards when I saw (what he remembered but I had quite forgotten) that the great torrent from the Hasanábád glacier cuts in here to join the Hunza River, and we had to go down some 500 or 600 feet to cross it and then up again to get out on to the Aliábád fan. It was exactly the same sort of business as crossing the main river all over again, except that the Hunza roads, however steep and difficult, are better designed and better kept than Nagir ones. Hasanábád village lies on both banks of the torrent, and climbs up the farther side to its own excellent polo-ground. The fields were being reaped, and I marvelled at the neat, tidy rows in which the cut barley was laid out. Everything the Hunzukuts do is beautifully done, and their methods are in the greatest contrast to the slovenliness of Nagir; you notice this everywhere, down to the tinest detail; it may be merely because water is scarcer and life harder that their fields are more scrupulously level, their walls more ingeniously perfect, their cut swathes more exactly aligned, but I incline to think that the cause lies deeper; in the difference of race and temperament already suggested.

Just beyond the wooden bridge which took us over the torrent, we were met by a good-looking elderly man whom we both remembered but could not immediately identify. He was almost in tears as he greeted us. I was puzzled to think why he was so moved. As soon, however, as he had paid full tribute of politeness to us, he bolted on and flung himself on Qudrat Ullah's neck. The whole cavalcade, about forty of us by this time, burst into sympathetic laughter, and poor Qudrat Ullah looked radiant but sheepish as he returned his father's embraces. Going up the steep hillside with so large a following was, as usual, not at all funny. You dare not stop to let your pony breathe without holding up the rest whose horses would be at some most inconvenient turn.

We got up at last, however, and found a fine deputation of all the Hasanábád elders drawn up to greet us on the polo-ground

283 415 strip is folded and placed in the second chamber. When she has enough of these *dapping* prepared, she takes out her little spindle, also shaped at home, puts the point of it into a little dish like a small ash-tray, which prevents it from wandering about while she rotates it. Then with a *dap* of wool in her left hand and the spindle in her right, she conjures somehow a fine even thread on to the whirring spindle. So many *dapping* make a spindleful, so many spindlefuls make a ball, so many balls suffice for a winter cloak. Undoubtedly you must learn as a child. The shape of the *pfurúkus* makes it most convenient to carry; even if you have a child on your shoulders and a basket on your back, it sits under your arm and stays there of itself, one circular chamber projecting back and front. The little ash-tray is cleverly moulded by the women from the malleable mush left when they have squeezed every drop of oil from their apricot kernels. It dries in a day or two and serves for many a year.

243 There was a jolly family party who worked the fields just below our house. I used to wish the fields didn't slope down and down and we could then have watched them better from the windows. When we arrived they had just reaped two fields of wheat (which ripens a fortnight later than the barley) and piled the sheaves in two big stacks. Then they made their threshing-floor as earlier described.[1] When the floor was dry they spread the entire circle 2 or 3 feet deep with cut wheat and got a team of five cows, tied their muzzles loosely together with a soft rope round each and then drove them round to [462] tread out the grain. It is usually a woman or girl who drives the team, but sometimes a man or boy will take a hand. The outside beast has, of course, to make the biggest circle, while the centre one just buzzes round as nearly as possible in the same spot. [461] As the driver gently touches them with her switch she keeps shouting "Hai, hai, hai!" to encourage them. When she gets tired one of the others comes on duty and she goes and sits down in the shade of the stack. As you can imagine, it is pretty hot in the noonday sun. I joined the women in the shade where they sat spinning away and keeping an eye on the toddlers. There were two dear little girls, Shamúli and

[1] [See p. 79, Cat. 116 or 243. — Ana/YST]

3s Lorimer L-3 (1925-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burushо AV7

garden, no fence, to interpose a barrier. The much-frequented 000
public way, following the further edge of an irrigation channel, passes within a dozen yards and beyond lie the fields of lucerne, wheat, buckwheat and pot-herbs descending gently in graded terraces. But the ground is beaten hard right up to the verandah edge, and the more adventurous take full advantage of the right of way when they can do so without intrusiveness. So here, almost within touch, pass men, women and children on their various occasions, none without a salute or a smile, or at least a shy recognition. Fifty yards off toil a joint family party, successively reaping, stacking, threshing and winnowing the wheat and pulse crops and carrying off the spoils.

Work goes on harmoniously, without idleness and without hurry. [461]
Normally division of labour obtains, men and women have their 462
recognised rôles, but the division seems regulated purely by physical 578
capacity and convenience. There is nothing rigid about it and in general each sex will freely assume the work of the other if occasion makes it desirable. In this household there are only two men, one able-bodied on whom the heaviest work falls, and one aged who can only do light jobs and rest, intermittently. There are several women and they relieve each other at the heavier work seemingly from a sense of what is the game and without prompting. There is no apparent shirking, there is no quarrelling, disputing or shouting. I have not seen or heard a quarrel yet, except a minor affair between two small boys. Voices are only raised when information has to be conveyed to a distance.

Children roam about in groups of boys and girls, or mixed family 857
parties, playing along the water-channel, chattering and laughing or retrieving the last over-looked apricots by knocking them down with stones or climbing and shaking the trees. Everyone shares without question in the harvest. Children help spasmodically in the elders' tasks; it is not obligatory. There are always one or two rounding up an errant and centrifugal flock of lambs and kids, or a single agile and enterprising cow.

322 that I have seen performed, I am not too sure that
[177] our wood workers could teach them any new tricks. The thing they're short of is suitable wood.

[415] One of the important functions of the wood turner is to fashion bowls which are made out of either mul-
[352] berry, willow or apricot wood. The wood turner also makes charpoys, chests, jewel boxes, bowls and chairs and I believe he is capable of making anything that can be fashioned out of wood.

•461 One definite thing impressed me about these various craftsmen and that was the fact that time was meaningless. Their craft was the important thing. Whatever had to be done had to be done right whether it required an hour or a day or a week.

461 There were many things that I would have liked to
126 purchase or arrange for but some of them would require days to produce and it was not my desire to hurry anybody. After seeing their pleasant way of life, I had no intention of disturbing it. Whatever was available that I wanted, I would take with me. Anything else could be sent on or else I would do without it.

1

with the Rani and his brother and, after the usual sumptuous breakfast, Sultan Ali joined us and the three of us—Jahangir, Sultan Ali and I—took off to Altit. As we left the Mir said, "I'll be waiting here for you and you'll ride the yaks right into the palace yard."

"You'll find the yaks very easy and comfortable to ride," continued the Mir. "What's more—you won't notice the ascents and descents!"

"You're kidding!" I rejoined.

"No, I'm not," he said. "It's true . . . just wait and you'll see!"

It was approximately a 2 mile jaunt to Altit and the terrain was very much like the terrain we had encountered all the way up from Gilgit—washouts, rock slides, boulders strewn all over the place. This all made walking difficult, at least for me.

Now I don't want you to get the idea that when these landslides or rock slides occur they are just left where they fall, because that is the furthest thing from the truth. Immediately after these things happen, crews are put on to get things straightened away. But when you take into consideration that each speck of work is done manually and that they do not have even a wheelbarrow, you can then understand that the job is a difficult one and one that is back-breaking and requires much time.

The only implements I saw them use on the roads were a sort of pinch-bar or wedge and a sledge hammer. You see, they don't have dynamite and when a huge boulder lands smack in the middle or at the side of the road and can't be pushed off, the only other course to follow is to break it into small pieces. Those are the ways and means here of getting rid of huge boulders.

Let it also be clearly understood that the Hunza

workers are good workers. They are not to be compared with the ordinary workers found throughout Pakistan and India. They do a day's work somewhat comparable to that done in the West. They are neither slouchers nor slackers. 461

All along the route there were groups of men working here and there. At this time of the year there were not too many employed or working on the roads and this is understandable. Every man in Hunza and Nagir must provide for the winter. Remember, there is, broadly speaking, no money and the only means he has of providing is by the work done with his own two hands. 464 491

The dried apricots and other fruits that he may put away, the wheat or the barley or the buckwheat that he stores in his house, the few roots that he puts into his root cellar are his means of sustenance until next spring. So you can readily understand that there is no great surplus of Hunzans or Nagiriwals during the months of July and August to do work on the roads and I know that the Hunza Road is not maintained by the State of Pakistan. Therefore there would be little or no money forthcoming and those who did work would probably be donating their time. Or perhaps their work would be somewhat similar to a type of taxation, although I dislike using that word when referring to or talking about the people of Hunza! [251]

We were more than a sauntering hour reaching Altit. If you've got any ideas about easy walking in this land, you'd better forget them. 487

As is usual on the entire Hunza trail, with few exceptions, it was climbing or descending all the time. The few places where you were neither climbing nor going down, you were walking along the river bed. In midsummer when the glaciers are melting quickly you

252 wild in various parts of the area. The oil rendered from
[222] these kernels is probably used only for lighting, because
[373] it is poisonous. Due to their heavy content of prussic acid, a handful of them is considered deadly. In Ni-
[762] agara, if somebody wants to commit suicide, he jumps over Niagara Falls; in Hunza, they eat a batch of wild apricot kernels.

The kneading process is continued and the vessel is kept tilted so the oil runs down and forms a small pool. As the oil begins to form, the kneading becomes even more vigorous until every drop of oil possible is extracted. While the rendering of the oil may be hard on the knuckles, nothing could be simpler and the resulting product is probably the most healthful and finest fat product that human hands can produce.

[231] The pulp that remains after the oil[1] is extracted is
[302] fed to milk-giving goats, sheep or cows, and is often used as a concoction or shampoo in which the Hunzans wash their heads. The oil of course is used in cooking, baking, frying, for lighting—and even for the hair.

[461] The good woman who performed the oil extracting task for me did not seem to be the least bit overburdened or taxed from this sort of arduous work. It probably would have been a hard day's work for a Western woman.

I would like to stress at this point that the heating process was not a cooking process in any sense of the word. Just a slight warming was all that was needed.

251 The apricot oil is never rendered and stored in casks
252 or otherwise, like many other people do with their oils. They may make sufficient to last them a few days but not more. This is poured into an earthen vessel or a bottle, if available. When a further supply is required, the pits are cracked and they go through the entire process as outlined.

1 [i.e - oil from apricot seeds - ANALYST]

During the past few years a bit of money has come 436 177 464
into Hunza. At the time I was there, there were four expeditions doing mountain and glacier climbing—as well as investigations and research, not in Hunza, but in the vicinity. There were groups from Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. In each and every case these expeditions would require bearers, guides, horses and pack animals. These would be recruited from among the Nagirwals and Hunzans and they would be paid in Pakistan rupees. I wish to emphasize that this has only taken place during the past few years. Prior to this period expeditions in this area were extremely rare.

While today money does make its appearance, it is still comparatively scarce. The Mir believes that the coming of money, modernization, and civilization as we know it will only harm his people and he seeks to prevent this, if possible. It is my sincere and humble conviction that the Mir is honest and thinking of his people in his endeavors. 436 177 643

"There is no doubt that the people of Hunza know and enjoy the true thrill of leisure." When I mentioned this to my staff, I was quickly brought to bay by one of my more astute employees who said, "How can that be when they are occupied from dawn till dusk?" 461

I was caught off balance and I had to reflect a moment and when I reflected, the picture was clear to me. Would a man who has never worked understand what is meant by a holiday? Would the average individual who spends his working days sitting at a desk checking figures, making phone calls and chatting with visitors, understand what leisure is? I contend that in order to know the true joy of leisure one must work and the harder one works, the greater is the enjoyment found in utter relaxation.

Can a man know leisure when after his day's work is

461 done and he turns on his television set, he is bombarded with commercials that seek to hypnotize his brain by making him believe he needs those products, when in reality he needs them like a hole in the head? Can a man know the meaning of true leisure when his head is throbbing with the bills he must meet on the morrow, the food he must buy and the clothing he must procure for his family, for which in many cases ready money is not available? Can a man who is harassed by and has pressing about him a hundred problems that must be reckoned with, find leisure or peace by escaping to the country for a weekend or by taking to drink?

Of course not! True relaxation and leisure are as far away from him as the moon!

Therefore, when I say that the people of Hunza know and enjoy the true thrill of leisure, I mean every word of it sincerely. While they rise at 3.30 or 4 o'clock [512] in the morning, they go to bed between 7 and 8, and in the winter time even earlier, if there is no celebration or dancing in the village. They are without doubt the most industrious people that I have met—especially in the East. Laziness is positively foreign to Hunza!

[481] Wherever I went I noticed that the Hunzans had ample time to talk and chat, and seldom did they appear to be in a hurry although whenever they walked, their walk was brisk—much more so than the average Western gait. In fact, this is one of their most recognizable and admired traits.

571 Lest anyone should get the impression that life in Hunza is dull, let me clearly emphasize that there is great fellowship between families and the selfsame group-gathering that we know of in our way of life is also practiced and followed by the people of Hunza. [796] Further, religious gatherings are quite frequent and play an important role in the social life of the people.

000 in the process of creating health and long life in Hunza!"

Here I have summarized my conclusions, which I believe account for the superior health, the unbounded energy and the long life of the Hunzans. Call it a set of rules if you like. I prefer to believe that it is the common sense way of life adopted by an intelligent people.

262 (1) Their food consists chiefly of natural fruits, grains and vegetables. Meat is eaten only on festive and other rare occasions. While grains—that is, the whole grains—are stored, they are ground for use in baking and gruel, only as required.

241 (2) Their soil is maintained by natural cultural practices. That which is taken from the soil is returned to the soil—both vegetable and animal.

461 (3) Most of the people of Hunza, including women and children, work daily in the fields. There is no Sabbath or weekly rest day, although there are religious holidays and festive days. Therefore, they work seven days a week . . . and in most cases, from dawn until darkness falls. Therefore, practically all the inhabitants of Hunza do their share of physical work. There are few, if any, completely sedentary occupations in Hunza.

262 (4) Very little fat of any kind is consumed by the people. The fats that are used consist of ghee, butter, apricot oil and negligible quantities of animal fats.

[241] (5) Complete absence of foreign additives. Nothing whatsoever is added to either the soil or the food of the people or the animals.

263 (6) Natural, unrefined salt was used by the people up until a few years ago . . . and this was an important factor in maintaining their health.

241 (7) No sprays or spray materials of any kind are used on their crops, and no unnatural chemical fer-

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

ness of their uncomfortable houses leaves an indelible mark on the national character.

It must be remembered that a house in the Hindu-Kush has no glass windows, no comfortable fire-place and chimney corner. The better-class houses are built round a courtyard, but the rooms rarely have windows, all light comes from the open door or from a skylight. Immediately below the skylight is a square open hearth, on which smoulders a fire; round this run raised platforms, on which are the beds and household paraphernalia; the smoke, before escaping through the roof, fills the whole room, blackens walls and pillars, and chokes the unfortunate inhabitants. If it is very cold, or raining and snowing heavily, the skylight is shut, the room is in pitchy darkness but for a sputtering torch, and the atmosphere horrible. It is no wonder that an existence under these circumstances should be rather depressing, and in Nagar the people get the full benefit of it, for there are several villages which during December and January only get twenty minutes' sun a day; some, I believe, get none. The men having no agricultural work on hand, owing to the land being frost-bound, there is practically nothing for them to do during the winter months but to sit idly round their smouldering fires for about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Nagar has practically no outlet except down the river to Gilgit. Shut in to the east by impassable mountains, and to the south by the great Rakapushi range, there is only the bare possibility of reaching Baltistan by the Hispar pass: there is a tradition that the road was once used, but it is very doubtful if